

The Guide to Holiness.

MAY, 1862.

EFFECT OF THE WAR ON RELIGIOUS PERIODICALS.

THE war has borne heavily upon publishers of periodicals. There are very few papers, secular or religious, that have not been published, the last year, at a pecuniary loss. From the secular press we learn that while the demand has increased, the advertising, which with them is the real source of profit, has fallen off to an extent that has obliged many to suspend. Religious periodicals, most of which realize little or no income from advertising, have suffered sorely in the contraction of their circulation. An article in "The Methodist," devoted to this subject, shows, from official data, that in this enterprising denomination, which probably is in advance of all others in the circulation of religious literature, there are very few that have paid a profit; and that in these few instances the profit has been more than absorbed in the losses sustained by publications issued from the same source. The Guide has been thrown into the crucible as well as others. Not only has our circulation fallen off, but our receipts have diminished in a much larger proportion. Heavy losses, and other disheartening influences, have tended to make our way difficult; but a secret Providence has sustained us, and we yet live to do the work which God has assigned us.

It is a remarkable fact that the financial crisis of 1857, which reduced thousands to beggary, and created an amount of suffering to which we do not think the present year furnishes a parallel, had a favorable effect on religious periodicals by increasing their circulation. Our own Magazine received an impulse that year that it has never had before or since. Trouble then drove the people to God, and led them to desire spiritual aliment. Should not the present trials have the same influence upon us?

AMONG many interesting and encouraging communications received since our last issue, we find one which speaks of

THE GUIDE AMONG THE QUAKERS.—A Friend, into whose hands some back numbers have fallen, writes us that "Its practical, plain teachings of the way to holiness by simple facts, has brought such new life and light into his soul that he would that it were in every family in the United States. He wants to try and get up a club among the Quakers." Holiness knows no sect. We bid our brother God-speed in his efforts.

Turning over our package, we find one from A SANCTIFIED CLASS LEADER.—Rejoicing in the fulness of a recently received baptism, he gives expression to his new experience. Oh, how delightful does religious duty become when the soul is all aglow with perfect love! With its impelling force, preaching, leading class, Sabbath-school teaching, indeed, every duty is not only made easy, but becomes purest enjoyment. Our brother speaks of being present when one received the blessing of sanctification. "The church was filled with the Spirit of God, of which all present seemed to partake, many crying for joy, and others shouting forth the praises of God." Well does he observe, "If the power of God is manifested to such a degree when one soul is sanctified, what might we not expect if the whole church enjoyed the blessing individually!" Try, beloved, the sweetness of what our brother calls "Heaven begun here below,—walking in company with God,—having help near in every time of trouble," and you will know with him, what appears a mystery to many, how to "rejoice in tribulation."

A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT.—"We love your Guide," writes another. "We hail its visits as those of a cherished, sympathizing friend, for such it truly is to us. It quickens our aspirations when dull and sluggish; it relieves our perplexities, strengthens our confidence, cheers and animates us when sad and despondent, and stirs the warmest feelings of Christian sympathy and love towards those whom we have never seen, but whose words are so blessed to our hearts. Blessings on the Guide, and all connected with it!" Such sympathy does our heart good.

ERRATA.—"To err is human;" and there are probably few branches of industry so open to mistakes as printing. Every precaution is taken to secure accuracy, but, in spite of us, blunders will sometimes occur. We deem it best, as a general thing, when such misfortunes occur, if the errors are trivial, to let them pass. Our last number we are sorry to say, however, contained a few so destructive of the sense as to constrain us to notice them. The typographical errors were noted at the time, but the "proof" on which they were made was by accident mislaid, and consequently the corrections were neglected. We call attention to a few of more or less importance.

On p. 124, 19th line from top of 2d column, for "the Aarons and the Hurs that stayed," etc., read "Aaron and Hur who stayed."

On p. 125, 11th line from the top of 1st column, for "excitements" read "excitants."

On the 25th line from the top of the same column, for "we know not the laws of God" read "we know not the language of Canaan."

This last correction is necessary in order that the sentence should be understood.

We are reminded of another blunder that occurred in the last volume (December No.), page

176, which we promised the author to correct, but it escaped us. The Promised Land, on which the verses were founded, was the Canaan of Perfect Love, not the Heavenly inheritance; hence, the foot-note at the bottom of the page was inappropriate.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

The flock he loves to trace
With ever watchful eye, —
So Christ, our Shepherd, full of grace,
To us is ever nigh.

The sheep his kindness know,
When timid fear alarms, —
So we, affrighted, safely go
To our Redeemer's arms.

Their steps he gently leads
To pastures green and fair, —
And so the Saviour kindly feeds
The children of his care.

When stormy tempests blow,
He shields them from the cold, —
So, to escape from sin and woe,
We enter Jesus' fold.

Thy voice to hear we love;
Dear Shepherd, be our guide,
That we within thy fold above
Forever may abide.

HOW TO MAKE A SHILLING LUCKY.

"WHAT shall we do with the first shilling in order to make it lucky?" said a gentleman in South Africa to a black man who had been selling some fruit for him.

"Put it into the mission box, master," was Peter's reply: "that will be sure to make it lucky."

"That is right, Peter," said the gentleman; "and as the thought is yours, and a good one, too, I will give it to you to put in your box."

"O, thank you, master, thank you, missis," said Peter, and a smile of joy lit up his features. He ran immediately to his house, brought his mission box, saw the shilling dropped into it, and then put in a sixpence himself, which he had just earned for a trifling service performed.

Now, shall I tell you how this man gets so much money in his box every year? for he gets a very respectable sum, I assure you. And besides, he and his wife are among the yearly five-dollar subscribers to the Missionary Society. Well, this is the way. If he works over-hours, or does what he considers a day's work, he puts all the money thus earned into a mission box. And God has prospered Peter, and will continue to prosper him.

"GOD IS WIGHT HERE, WILLIE."

A FEW nights since, two little boys were lying together in their trundle-bed. Willie, the older of the two, who was only six years of age, awoke in the night very thirsty. Being told that he could jump up and get himself some water, he cried, saying that he was afraid. Upon this, his little brother, two years younger than himself, spoke encouragingly to him, and said, "God is wight here, Willie! God is wight here! You needn't be afraid, Willie!" So Willie jumped up, and went and got himself some water, and then came back to his little bed, all safe, and soon he and his little brother were fast asleep again.

Is any child who reads this ever afraid just because it is dark? The story is for you, little boy, and for you, little girl. Just think as Willie's little brother did, "God is right here." God loves little boys and girls, if they are good. He can see them just as well in the dark as when it is light. He watches over them when they are asleep. If you love God, little children, and every night, before you lie down in your bed, kneel and ask him to take care of you while you sleep, you never need feel afraid in the least. You are not afraid in the dark when you are in the arms of your father or mother. But God loves you more than your father or mother can love you if you are good. You need never be afraid unless you are naughty. Will you think of this, too, children, "God is right here," when you do or say anything that is naughty? He sees what you do, and hears what you say. Then you may be afraid; but never when you are good.

LITTLE WILLIE EATON.

And who is Willie Eaton? A sweet boy of eight summers, formerly a member of the Greenwood Sabbath School, of which the son of the senior editor is superintendent, — but lately transferred to that region of blessedness where none but the blood-washed are admitted, and where, with the angels, he constantly beholds the glory of the Father. Little Willie lost his mother about a year since, and a heavy blow it was to him. We have no doubt that the Holy Spirit made it the occasion of impressing his mind with eternal realities, — for in his last hours he manifested a degree of spiritual influence which surprised those who ministered to him. To his school-teacher, who was often by his bedside during his sickness, he said, on one occasion, "Will you forgive me for all my naughty behavior at school, and will you ask Jesus Christ to forgive me? I want you to tell all the scholars at school to pray for me; will you, teacher?" Here was the godly sorrow that worketh repentance unto life, of which the apostle speaks. He was sorry for his misconduct because he saw how wrong it was, and that it had grieved his teacher, and, above all, his dear Redeemer. But he became assured that he was forgiven, for he after-

wards said, "Teacher, I shall be an angel tomorrow. Angels are always happy, neither do they have any trouble, do they?" And then, as though the glorious vision was being revealed to him, he exclaimed, "O, see those angels! mother, mother!" cried he, stretching out both of his hands, as if to embrace her: "O, how happy I shall be with my angel mother in heaven." "Father," said he, as his only remaining parent stood by his bedside, "I have seen the angels, and they say you can be an angel, too. O, how happy I shall be when, with father and mother, I get to heaven. There will be no sickness there." He then expressed a wish that they should sing his "sweet pretty song," which was supposed to be the hymn,

"I want to be an angel."

As his weeping father stood by his bedside, he repeated the following lines, by Tennyson, which had been read by his class in school just before his confinement, and which were rendered more touching and appropriate from the fact that by his death his father will be bereaved of all his children but one, a daughter, to whom Willie was ardently attached, and who, at the time, was just recovering from a fit of sickness. The words, substituting father for mother, were these:—

"I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me now;
You'll kiss me, my own father, upon my cheeks
and brow;
Nay,—nay,—you must not weep, nor let your
grief be wild;
You should not fret for me, father; you have
another child.

"If I can, I'll come again, father, from out my
resting-place;
Though you'll not see me, father, I shall look
upon your face;
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken
what you say,
And be often, often with you, when you think
I'm far away."

Thus passed away little Willie Eaton. Would the readers of the Children's Corner become partakers of the same precious peace and triumphant joy? They need not wait for it till a dying hour; but let them remember that the first steps in securing it are sorrow for, and confession of, our sins, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and that where these are taken, the Bible says, "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." We hope that all who read this story about Willie will not forget

to pray that this severe blow may be sanctified to his father,—that, as Willie expressed it, he may, with mother and son, "become an angel in heaven."

BOOK NOTICES.

THE STAR OF THE EAST; A Collection of Hymns and Tunes, suitable for all occasions of Social Worship and Sabbath Schools. By ASA HULL. Boston: Russell & Patee.

This is an excellent collection, containing the most popular old tunes in use, together with a good proportion of the more recent. The music, entitled "SHALL WE MEET," in the present number, is taken from this work. Mr. Hull is the author of several popular melodies, many of which have been great favorites at camp-meetings and other seasons of revival.

The American Tract Society have recently issued the following from their prolific press:—

THE CROSS BEARER; A Vision.

An excellent volume, presenting short, pithy extracts, in poetry and prose, from some of the most spiritual writers, such as Fenelon, Thomas à Kempis, Bunyan, Owen, Baxter, Upham, and others. They are arranged under the following heads, each of which is illustrated by a suitable engraving on wood, viz: The Model Cross Bearer, The Cross Presented, The Cross Selected, The Cross Lightened, The Cross Worshipped, The Cross a Shame, The Cross a Boast, The Cross carried in Self-will, The Cross borne after Christ, The Cross Wearisome, The Cross Alleviated, The Cross and the Crown;—the whole constituting just the book for the closet.

THE MOTHER AND HER WORK.

A most important theme, and a well-written book. It is thrown into easy chapters, each embracing some phase of the Christian mother's duty, and presented in an attractive form. Every mother should read it.

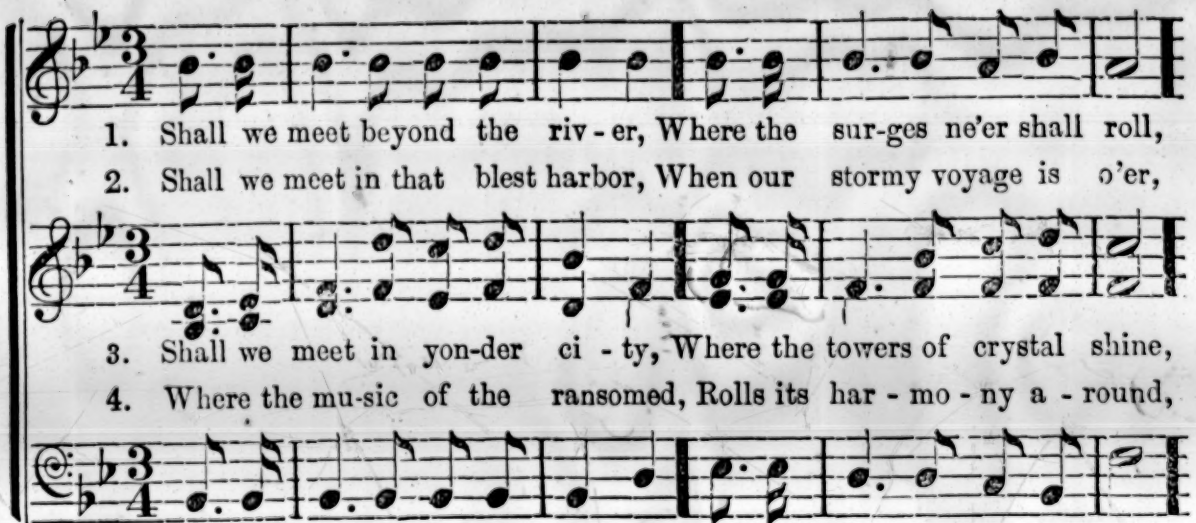
THE WINTER SCHOOL; Or, The Boys' Campaign against one of their Worst Enemies. By MRS. H. E. BROWN.

This is a pretty juvenile, written by the same author as the last, finely illustrated, and exhibiting, in a well-told story, the evils and sin of using tobacco. It should be introduced into every Sabbath-school library, and would make a good gift book for boys.

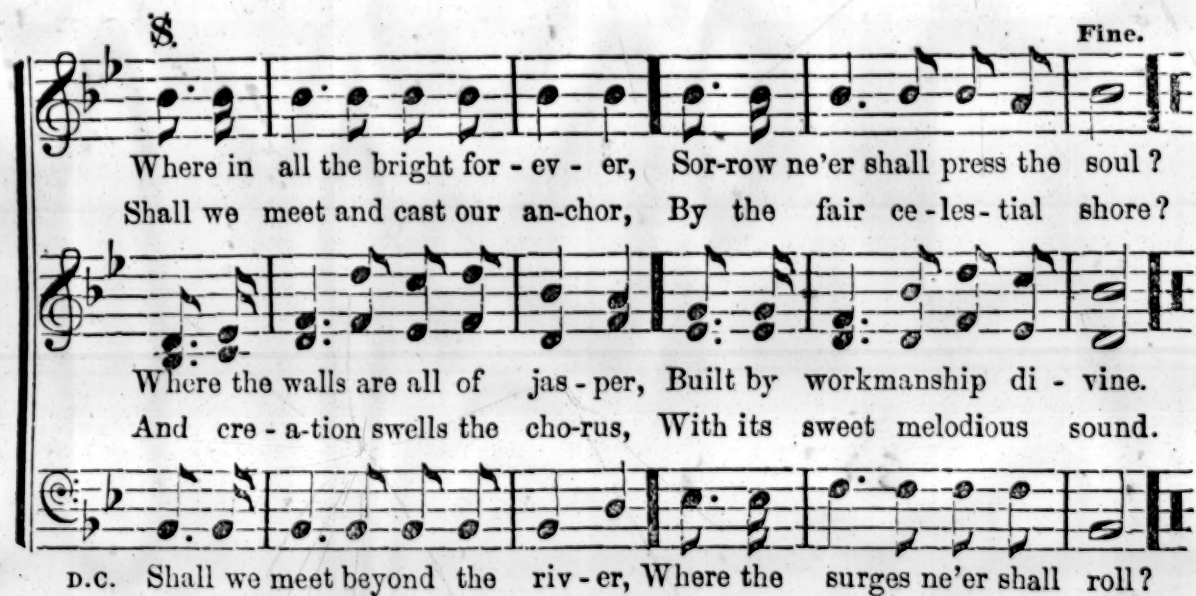
SHALL WE MEET? 8s & 7s.

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Oct. 24, 1860.



1. Shall we meet beyond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges ne'er shall roll,
 2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our stormy voyage is o'er,
 3. Shall we meet in yon - der ci - ty, Where the towers of crystal shine,
 4. Where the mu - sic of the ransomed, Rolls its har - mo - ny a - round,



Where in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?
 Shall we meet and cast our an - chor, By the fair ce - les - tial shore?
 Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by workmanship di - vine.
 And cre - a - tion swells the cho - rus, With its sweet melodious sound.
 d.c. Shall we meet beyond the riv - er, Where the surges ne'er shall roll?



Coda for each verse. D.C. §
 Shall we meet? shall we meet? shall we meet?
 Shall we meet? shall we meet? shall we meet?

5
 Shall we meet with many a loved one,
 That was torn from our embrace?
 Shall we listen to their voices,
 And behold them face to face?
 Shall we meet? &c.

6
 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
 When he comes to claim his own?
 Shall we know his blessed favor,
 And sit down upon his throne?
 Shall we meet? &c.

BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST.

SECOND PAPER.

THE CONDITIONS OF BEING BAPTIZED.

1. *An apprehension of its necessity.*

THIS is exceedingly important, to seek it with the earnestness and importunity necessary for securing it. The primitive church could do nothing without it. Though they met together day after day, there was no special interest or power in their meeting. They met only to separate; no sinner felt any desire to look in upon them. They were not prepared to direct inquirers. But when they were baptized what an interest thrilled through the city. The people came in throngs, marvelling at what they saw and heard. The church is now ready to point the inquiring multitudes to the Saviour. There is life and power in every movement of the baptized church, and thousands are converted in a day. The vitalizing power is the Holy Ghost. Both hearer and speaker are under its influence. The presence of the Spirit gives interest to each, and efficiency to all. Here is the secret of power in the primitive church; and do we not need it as much as they? What can we do without it for a dying world? There is no power in our means or in our numbers in effecting the work aside from this agency. The whole world is now open to evangelical labors, and what does the church need so much as the baptism of the Spirit? What so desirable to the ministry as the fulfilment of the promise of the Father? This would give them a power and efficiency such as they never possessed. We should have more than pentecostal scenes acted over. A nation would be born in a day, and salvation would roll over the earth. Without it the world must die, and generations must pass away unwarned and unsaved.

2. *You need to believe, that you may have it.*

We fear that there is but little faith in this blessing. Some confound it with the gift of miracles, and imagine it belonged exclusively to the primitive church. But the disciples performed miracles without it. They did not need it for that purpose. It was rather to give them power and a reality in their minds to the truth of God; just what is needed in our day to give efficiency to the Word.

Others think that it belongs to an elect few, and that they alone can have it. Some are ready to inquire at once, "May not one be saved without it?" They want just religion enough to be saved, and sometimes you would think they make a pretty close calculation, too, when they inquire again, "Cannot one commit this and that sin, and yet be saved?" The true Christian will rather inquire, "How much of God may I have?"

3. *You must hunger and thirst for it.*

You must have a burning thirst, a pinching hunger for it, such as a starving man would feel for bread; he will break through anything to get it. You will say, Give me poverty, reproach, persecution, loss of friends or of reputation, but deny me not this one gift; all things but loss for this knowledge of Christ.

4. *You must be willing to make any sacrifice to obtain it.*

Nothing must come in competition with it. Every sin must be forsaken, and every idol dethroned. You must shrink from no cross, and avoid no duty. The language of the heart must be, "Thy will, not mine, be done." In your plans and pursuits there must be an entire renunciation of self and of self-will. Here is the difficulty often; many want a voice in disposing of themselves and theirs. They have a will about matters. They cannot say in truth, "Thy will be done." To have this baptism, this self-will must be crucified, and every self-interest laid upon

the altar, so that God may come in and reign without a rival. I knew one longing for this higher life, but she was afraid God would make her a teacher. That she could not be, and so she could not have the blessing. There she remained for days, longing for the blessing, and yet dictating terms. At length she said, "I will teach," and the Lord came in and filled her soul.

5. *You must be unselfish in desiring and seeking it.*

You must not desire it chiefly for your own enjoyment, or for your own satisfaction, that you may be assured of your own salvation. You cannot expect it while seeking it to save *your* life. In such a case you shall lose it. To receive it you must seek it in the spirit of self-denial, for the glory of God and the welfare of souls. You must desire it to render yourself useful and efficient in the kingdom of Christ; to spread abroad the knowledge of his grace. Other souls are as precious as your own, and you need this unction in making you wise to win them to Christ. Then, again, how can you reflect the glory of God without being filled with his Spirit?

6. *You must make an actual and universal consecration to God.*

There must be no reserve. Your entire being must be laid upon the altar, to be the Lord's so long as you live — everything committed to God, even "the keeping of your soul unto God as unto a faithful Creator." It was in doing this that Mrs. Edwards received such a wonderful manifestation of divine glory to her soul. Her strength was scarcely able to sustain the view. We cannot have this baptism without this spirit of entire consecration. The least reserve of interest or of will must prevent the blessing. In doing this it should be remembered we give nothing to God but what is his already. We simply acknowledge the truth that we are not *our own*, bought with a price.

7. *You must wait only upon God with faith and submission.*

The evidence may not immediately follow the act of entire consecration in the manner expected. Indeed, there may be no sensible change in the feelings nor in the degree of assurance. God designs that we should trust him though we cannot see. "Blessed is he that hath not seen and yet believed." God expects us to have full confidence in every word he utters, and that no unfavorable appearance shall shake our faith. Here we rest, depending upon him to effect it in his own way and in his own time. The promise shall be fulfilled, "according to thy faith be it unto thee." Can any one doubt, when God is so ready to give his Spirit, — more willing to give the Holy Spirit than earthly parents to give good gifts to their children? What, then, but unbelief can prevent us receiving his fulness and power imparted to us by the Holy Ghost?

THE BELOVED SON.

"This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."
Matt. iii. 17.

It is the Father's voice that cries,
'Mid the deep silence of the skies,
"This, this is my beloved Son;
In him I joy, in him alone.

"In him my equal see revealed,
In him all righteousness fulfilled,
In him, the Lamb, the victim see,
Bound, bleeding, dying on the tree.

"And can you fail to love again?
Far fairer he than sons of men!
His very name is fragrance poured,
Immanuel, Jesus, Saviour, Lord!

"He died, and in his dying proved
How much, how faithfully he loved;
At my right hand his glories shine;
Is my beloved, sinner, *thine*?"

Oh, full of glory, full of grace,
Redeemer of a ruined race,
Beloved of the Father, come,
Make in these sinful hearts a home!

Beloved of the Father, thou,
To whom the saints and angels bow,
Immanuel, Jesus, Saviour, come,
Make in these sinful hearts thy home!

ON THE CULTIVATION OF ACQUAINTANCE WITH GOD.

A SERMON.

"Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord: his going forth is prepared as the morning, and he shall come unto us as the rain; as the latter and former rain unto the earth." — HOSEA vi. 3.

THE desire to know is a universal instinct of man. This is well; for he comes into being the most ignorant and helpless of the things that have animal life. The stork knoweth his appointed time. The ant lays up her store in the summer, and the young bee builds his first cell as accurately as his grandfather can build his, after three summers of practice. Many of the lower animals have an instinctive knowledge of "latitude and departure," and they all know —

"To shun their poison and to choose their food."

But man begins existence feeble and ignorant, to a marvel and a mockery. Beyond the feeble wail by which he announces that he has entered upon life, and a few meaningless and only half voluntary motions of the hands and feet, he gives no signs of sense, nor scarcely any of life. His probation of infantile helplessness is protracted without a parallel. The little people of the farmyard and the sty frisk gaily about at a day or two old; while the little hero of the nursery triumphs over his first walk across the room at twelve months old or more.

But the grand compensation is found in his desire to know. Long before he can walk, the little philosopher creeps about the floor, upon his tours of exploration and experiment. He learns the laws of gravitation by the bumps and bruises he gets in tumbling over, and in pulling over the furniture upon his head. He clutches eagerly every new object, and hastens to test its qualities by sight, and touch, and

taste. Shining things attract him specially, and he is eager to catch the candle-blaze, and learn whether it feels as pretty as it looks. So, on he goes, learning a score of new things every day, and developing new faculties, such as speech, reason, memory, music, and invention; till, in three or four years' time, he has outstripped all his little out-door competitors, and possesses accomplishments to which no possible training can ever bring any of them. This infantile progress is a result of the intense thirst to know which God has planted in mind.

Now, we speak of some persons as having very "inquiring minds;" but I think it will be found that, among persons of equal common sense, each man has about the same amount of curiosity, or inquisitiveness. True, men discover great divergence in the directions in which they push their inquiries, and in the character of their investigations; but there is, commonly, no great difference between the strength of the desire to know possessed by a very wise, studious, thoughtful man, and the strength of the same desire in a man whom we call "thoughtless." The difference between the two men lies not much — perhaps not at all — in the intensity of their respective appetites for knowledge, but mainly, if not wholly, in their different paths of observation, and the contrasted character of the things they study.

As a result of the truth I have just now been insisting on, I think you will find that, of any two men of equal age and capacity, however different may be their reputations for knowledge respectively, one knows just about as much as the other; I mean, he knows about as many things *by count* as the other. The difference between the two men is the result of the difference in the relative character and significance of the truths with which they have stored their memories. *Thus, every man's character is moulded by the character of the things he seeks to know.*

When I was a school-boy, I fell in with an old sailor, who told me he had been a sailor all his life and had been round the globe. I was delighted to have come across so knowing a man, and immediately set myself to be a learner at his feet. I began by asking the old man which way he went round the globe, and he said, "We went by the way of Hope, and we came by the way of the Horn." I found that he did not know the object for which the voyage was made, nor whether the progress of his ship was eastward or westward, nor, indeed, where "Hope and Horn" were, upon the map of the world. He knew nothing of the systems of government of the various countries he had visited, nor of the intelligence or morals of the people, nor of their staple productions, or currency, or lines of commercial intercourse. What, then, had the old man gleaned up in his circumnavigation? Why, he could give the minor incidents of many a storm; he could tell "fish stories" by the hour; he had stored his memory with the "yarns" told before the mast; and he could tell of discontent and insubordination and coercion on ship-board, and of revelries on shore; and so, the old sailor was never out of topics of vast interest and marvel, connected with his voyage round the world. I question much whether an intelligent explorer, who might have made the voyage with him, would have stored his memory with a greater number of facts than the man before the mast had gathered up; and yet the latter had only grown degraded with the many lines of longitude he had crossed. It is not the *extent* of our investigations, but their *character*, which moulds and decides our own.

This, as I understand it, is the truth that underlies the text, "Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord." God would have man lift up himself from low inquiries, and pass on, through every gradation of the climax, till he reach the infinite excellence, and in the cultivation

of a divine acquaintance find his own nature plied with a force irresistibly exalting.

I. WHAT IS IMPLIED IN FOLLOWING ON TO KNOW THE LORD?

I understand such Scriptures as the following to make the knowledge of God tantamount to salvation: "And this is life eternal, that they might *know thee*, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." "Christ shall be revealed from heaven, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that *know not God*, and obey not the Gospel." In accounting for the murderous persecutions to which his disciples should be subjected, the Saviour says, "~~But~~ all these things will they do unto you for my name's sake, because *they know not* him that sent me." So, then, to know God is to be saved, and to know not God is to be in sin. But what is it to know God? Jesus answered that question when he said, "No man knoweth the Father but the Son, and he to whom the Son will reveal him." We can only know God, then, through the gracious revelations of his Son in our hearts.

"The world by wisdom knew not God." No man finds God by scientific or literary investigations. "Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him."

He knows God, and he only, who has received the revelation of him in his heart, through Jesus Christ. That is the Scriptural view, and the reason of it is obvious. God has a personal existence, and scientific investigations make no man acquainted with any person, but only with principles. To talk of studying the frame-work of creation, or the course of providence, till you come, by such means, to know God, is as vain as it would be to talk of studying the Constitution and

laws of the United States till you would come to know Abraham Lincoln. You know a man when you have been in his presence and received an introduction to him — when he has spoken to you, and you have spoken to him; and this, I beg to say, is the precise analogy of what the Scriptures present as the attainment of the knowledge of God. "Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace."

But the text talks of following on to know the Lord. It is not enough to ~~make~~ the acquaintance of a friend; the acquaintance must be *cultivated*, or it will die out. It is with the knowledge of the Lord as with any other acquaintance. The intimacy must be maintained, or there will come, first, coldness, and then indifference, and then, perhaps, positive alienation.

Twenty years ago, a lady of our acquaintance had a friend, — a very intimate friend. Several times a week the two were together. The intimacy was so marked and so well known that no one of the neighbors ever thought of inviting one of them to any entertainment without inviting the other. Almost every day they interchanged billet-doux. They scarcely had any secrets between them, but habitually poured out their hearts to each other in the freest manner, and, in a word, they lived in each other's affections, and became mutually necessary to each other's happiness. But there came a change. By the domestic removal of one of them, a wide distance was put between them. The separation gave them much pain, and they still remember the sorrow of that parting hour, and the loneliness which, for many successive days, oppressed their spirits. They sought to compensate the absence by correspondence, and every week or two the friendly, loving letters came and went.

But, ere long, domestic cares multiplied and absorbed their attention, other friendships came in to divide their love, and their communications fell off from weekly

to monthly, and quarterly, and yearly; and now it is several years since last they received or wrote a letter to keep alive the dying flame.

Thus it is in the religious life. It is not enough that once we knew the Lord: we must follow on to know him; we must cultivate the sacred acquaintance by seeking to please our heavenly Father, by frequent and protracted interviews with him, by the freest unbosoming of ourselves to him, by the diligent study of his word, and devout meditation upon his character. This is walking with God; and the fellowship has a power irresistibly elevating upon the man who thus follows on to know the Lord.

II. WHAT ARE THE RESULTS OF THUS FOLLOWING ON TO KNOW THE LORD?

1. The text says, — "Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord." Know what? Know that his going forth is prepared as the morning? Undoubtedly; but that is not what the text says. The conjunction "that" is not there, and the meaning is left indefinitely broad. "*Then shall we know.*" The implication seems to be that he who seeks communion with God, walks in the light, and is, on that account, in a position favorable to the development of his understanding, and to the proper exercise of all his mental faculties. Pious men live near the Fountain of all truth, and therefore receive truth early, naturally, easily and with accuracy. They are saved from the side-currents and unhappy biasings that come of unholy prejudice and unsanctified desire. They dwell above the fogs and clouds of sense and passion that blur the vision of the soul. Pious men are thoughtful, meditative men, and therefore know. They are temperate, and can study. They value moments, and have leisure. They abhor intellectual garbage, and read good authors. They are the children of the day, and can see to read.

Much prayer makes the soul self-possessed, and gives it a measure of the infinite tranquillity of God, and it is easy enough to see how all these facts concur to give it a wide horizon and accuracy of vision.

Years ago, while struggling amidst the embarrassments of poverty to acquire an education, I habitually found the illustration of this truth in my own experience. Obligated to toil on, partly in study, and partly in teaching, and partly in menial duties, through sixteen hours of the twenty-four, I often proved how good it was to rise in the morning, and bathe my soul in the blessed light for a season, before entering on my multifarious and distracting duties, and to hurry away from my hasty dinner for a season of devotion at midday. I found that the soul which has opened all its windows to the light of heaven, and calmed its restless passions in communion with God, has attained a wonderful preparation for the reception of truth, and at the same time acquired a facility for passing on through the consecutive duties of the day with calmness and dispatch.

But to mention a few particulars. "Then shall we know" God, by an ever-deepening experience of his love, and a ripening acquaintance with his methods, both in providence and grace. "Then shall we know" ourselves, for the humility and honesty implied in the aspiration of the soul to know God favor self-acquaintance, and we always move out into the light as we approach him; besides, the divine nature is the key of our own, since God made man in his own image. Moreover, he that thoroughly understands himself has the lamp by which to read the workings of human nature in other men.

We shall know, too, the devices of Satan; his plans, his baits, his wiles, his power, and the methods by which he is overcome through the blood of the Lamb.

We shall know the deep, spiritual meaning of the Word of God. Holy

living, earnest praying, and the diligent searching of the Scriptures, are but methods of following on to know the Lord, and they never fail to bring the believer into a minute acquaintance with both the letter and spirit of the blessed Bible; while the promised Comforter takes the things that are Christ's, and shows them unto him.

2. Another blessed result of following on to know the Lord is, that to all who do so "his going forth is prepared as the morning." God's going forth is his method of proceeding; the march of providential or gracious events in fulfilment of his order. Every man who thus follows on to know the Lord will find his own life a perpetual morning. Darkness yields to dawn, and dawn merges into day, and day brightens and glows into noon. But there, exactly at meridian, the figure stops; there is no afternoon in the religion of a man who follows on to know the Lord, for each of his fast-succeeding noons is but the dawn of a brighter day to come. "The righteous shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall wax stronger and stronger." "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

I understand the phrase, "His going forth is prepared as the morning," to imply that just as all the preparations are made by which the sun, now gone down, is to come up and gild the earth with the glory of another morning, so the divine plan is all laid to secure the instruction, the comfort, the progress, and the deliverance, in every hour of darkness and temptation, of all who are followers of God, as dear children. But let us not forget that the hinge of the promises of this text is the "if" — "if we follow on to know the Lord." No Christian will ever be overcome by his trials or temptations who still follows on to know the Lord. God lays small burdens on beginners in grace, but, as time passes, trials

will increase. If we will follow on to know the Lord, our strength shall increase to meet them; but if not, the danger is that we shall be overcome, and either by imperceptible degrees sink away into spiritual sloth and formalism and death, or, in an evil hour, make shipwreck of faith.

True, God will temper the storm to the shorn lamb, but whoever heard of a lamb twenty years old? Yet there are men and women in the church, in great numbers, whose life exhibits all the signs of spiritual infancy to-day, though they are old enough to be teachers and fathers. If we would have our life exhibit the beautiful declaration, "His going forth is prepared as the morning," we must not allow our experience to be confined to the preliminaries and first principles of the spiritual life, but must "follow on to know the Lord."

3. Another happy result of thus following on is given in these words, — "And he shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and former rain unto the earth." Palestine is subject to long droughts, and occasionally to famines growing out of them; hence, to the people to whom the prophet addressed the language, the figure must have been full of refreshing significance.

Even in this country, how we wait, and look, and sigh, and pray for rain in the time of drought. The flowers lose their odors and faint; the corn turns yellow and sickly; the streams shrink away in their channels; the pastures grow crisp under the burning sun; and the lowing herds wander abroad in vain for food, and seem to turn their reproachful looks on man, as if charging him with their sorrows. Ah, then it is that man feels his utter dependence on God, and begins to see how steady must be the stream of benefaction from heaven that shall suffice to keep the earth alive. Even the earth itself, at such a time, becomes cracked and seamed in every

direction, under the burning sun, as if opening a thousand mouths toward the heavens to confess the drought and pray for rain. Men look upon their fields and sigh, and then turn wistfully to the heavens in quest of some gracious harbinger of rain. Rain, rain! O. when will it rain?

When at length the hot sun is veiled with clouds and the teeming heavens begin to send their refreshing showers upon the earth, how revived and gladdened are all things. How pure and sweet the rain hath made the air. How quickly the fields put on their green. How the drooping flowers lift up their heads again, and pour their tribute of sweet odors on the air. How the birds chirp and warble, and fill the fields and woods with their happy notes, and how approaching famine turns away before the brightening prospect of the coming harvest.

"And he shall come to us as the rain." The church has her seasons of drought, when decay and desolation appear on every side; and for a time, the faith of those who would see the prosperity of Zion is put to the test: but if there be a following on to know the Lord among the members, he shall come as the rain.

I have seen it many times. Dissensions among brethren have arisen. Deaths, removals, and blackslidings have brought the church low, her enemies have multiplied, and her friends have been scattered, till it seemed as though nothing but ruin was before her. But, lo! a few souls among her membership are all this time following hard after God, and by and by the gracious rain begins to fall, and the difficulties and embarrassments of years are swept away by the gracious visitation; "for the parched ground became a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water; and in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, there was grass, with reeds and rushes."

"As the latter and former rain unto the earth." The former rain in Pales-

tine, is the rain which falls immediately after sowing-time, namely, in October and November; and the latter rain is that which falls in April and the early part of May, — a few weeks before harvest-time; for in that country all the crops were what we call winter crops, being sown in the fall and reaped in the spring, or early summer. The effect of the former rain is to promote the germination of the grain just sown, and cause it to take good root, and send forth a vigorous shoot. The effect of the latter rain, which comes just as the grain is "coming into the milk," as the farmers term it, is to make the juices of the stalk abundant, and so promote the filling of the berry and make it plump and rich and large.

Now the church needs both these rains. She needs the former rain to fall upon the hearts of the people, as the pastor sows the seed, and cause it to "catch" and take root in their hearts. The effect of the former rain is seen in the early processes of the work of grace, convictions and conversions. She needs the latter rain upon her membership for their general edification and enlargement, and especially for the entire sanctification of their natures by the power of the Holy Ghost, which alone can prepare them for the autumnal gathering.

CONCLUSION.

1. This subject reminds us of the utter inefficacy of all mere human expedients for securing church prosperity; for who but God can make the day succeed the night? Our human bonfires never make a day, nor can we terminate the dreadful drought with our garden-sprinklers. We must propitiate Heaven and secure God's great rain upon the thirsty fields, or all comes to desolation.

2. It reminds us of the method by which prosperity is secured, namely, by *urging the members to follow on to know the Lord*. I have found, whenever there is this earnest *following on* among the

members, there are few, if any, instances of backsliding, and the refreshing showers of grace divine fall copiously and often in converting and sanctifying power. A goodly number of honest, earnest souls in a church, living out their religion at home, and pressing hard after God everywhere, are worth more to the church, for the ends of her real prosperity, than all the schemers and wire-pullers the world ever saw. These, my brethren in the ministry, are the men and women whose intercourse with heaven brings the long-looked-for day and the blessed rain; and many a revival, for which you and I have received the credit at the time, will, by and by, be found to have resulted from the unobtrusive holy living and the mighty faith and prayer of some of God's little ones in our flocks.

3. Finally, there are no peradventures here. If the conditions are met, the gracious results will follow infallibly. If we follow on to know the Lord, knowledge shall dawn on our ignorance, and light arise in darkness, and showers of blessings come upon the thirsty lands.

THY WAY, NOT MINE.

THY way, not mine, O Lord, however dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand, choose out the path
for me;
Smooth let it be or rough, it still will be the best,
Winding or straight, it matters not, it leadeth to
thy rest.
I dare not choose my lot; I would not if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God, so shall I walk
aright;
The kingdom that I seek is thine; so let the way
That leads to it be thine, else I must surely stray;
Take thou my cup, and it with joy or sorrow fill:
As best to thee may seem, choose thou my good
or ill.
Choose thou for me my friends, my sickness or my
health;
Choose thou my cares for me, my poverty or
wealth;
Not mine, not mine the choice, in things or great
or small;
Be thou my guide, my strength, my wisdom, an
my all.

AN OLD-FASHIONED CONVERSION.

In the last century it was a novel thing to hear of the young inquirer. Juvenile piety was not expected, and, although children were well instructed in the Catechism and portions of Scripture, yet these were not explained with the clearness and attractiveness of our Sabbath-school instruction. When my mind became deeply impressed, at the age of fourteen, I was directed to my pastor, and, with fear and trembling, I entered his study. The deepest veneration was shed around his august presence, as, seated with his flowing white wig and ministerial garb, he rivalled our ideas of the Pope. How was I to approach him upon such a subject?

At last, my anxious fears for my soul's safety got the better of my timidity. I was told, in reply, "that if God had, in his wise sovereignty, marked me out for one of the elect, I should be saved. At any rate, I must own God as the righteous Judge, and be willing, if it were his will, that I should be consigned to despair forever."

"Never!" I exclaimed, "can I be willing that such a dreadful doom should be my lot! If I wait for submission to this, I shall never be a Christian!" I was alarmed at my own words, and hastily withdrew; and, for two years longer, suffered on in my hopeless state.

After great trouble and prayer, one day, my uncle, whose kind heart sympathized with my feelings, said to me, "Dear child, you have suffered a great deal, and I would not be unhappy any longer. I would not lose both worlds. If you are to be miserable forever, as you suppose, just go to work for Christ, and enjoy life, at least, while you have it."

I stood a moment and caught the idea. "I will! I will!" I exclaimed. "I will

win everybody to Christ, even if I should be lost." It was the moment of victory.

The sinner was saved. I left the chamber instantly, free from my heavy load, and ran over the stairs, and, just as if they dropped from heaven, these lines breathed through my soul:—

"Christ is my light, my life, my care,
My blessed hope, my heavenly prize."

Oh, the sweet blessedness of that day! I said nothing, but, as I glided through my duties, Christ filled the soul, the atmosphere, the earth, the skies, the universe. The boundless idea wrapped and absorbed me with infinite delight. I could not conceal the glory from the family. They inquired "if I had a *hope*." I had not thought of such a thing. It was enough to look at this great light.

That Saviour, whom I then received, has proved faithful for forty years,—yea, even to the end.

Twenty years after leaving that sweet home, I visited it for the first time. There I had dropped the burden of sin, and I went up and down those stairs, again repeated those lines, so precious now that years had shown their value.

In looking over my mother's journal, I found this striking little description of her conversion, written by hands now mouldering in the dust. I was led to think there is no particular necessity of such a long, despairing state of conviction; and yet, how great the joy arising from such a sorrowful gloom! It is often said, "Such a person is convicted and converted almost in a day." But how necessary that one should have clear views of sin, and of the relations between a sinner and his Saviour. "The nearer a soul draws to God, the more humble will that soul lie before him. None so near God as the angels—none so humble as the angels."

It is better to live in a wilderness than with a contentious woman.

"BY THE GRACE OF GOD I AM WHAT I AM."

TIME was when all my hopes and fears
Were centred on the visible;
When nothing but the joys of sense,
Transient and earth-born, had a home
Within the garden of my soul.
Alas! how ignorant was I
Of what true happiness consists.
A willing captive, blindly led,
Too blind to see the chain I wore
But Mercy sped her from above,
And, through the darkness of my soul,
Above the brightness of the sun,
There shone a light ineffable,
Revealing to my quickened sense
How poor and vile and lost was I!
Ah, me! how lightly then I prized
All that before had been my joy!
My heart wrote "vanity" on all
That met the eye. Then Mercy came
Again, and ope'd my eyes to see
The hidden glories; and within
There wakened to new life a thirst
Unquenchable, which nothing but
Those living joys could ever slake.
Then to my soul Mercy revealed
The living way whereby to gain
A blest inheritance among
Those who aspire to such rare joys.
A voice, thrilling with love divine,
Bade me draw nigh, and wash away
My guilty stains in his own blood!
Then on me placed the "wedding robe,"
His own, his perfect righteousness;
Then called me his, and gave me power
To claim him mine, forever mine!
O love divine! to stoop to such
As me! and, stooping, lift me up
To thee. Was ever love like thine?

MILAN, Ohio, April 2, 1862.

THE WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

"The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God."

ALTHOUGH the present ministration of the Spirit is glorious, yet its witness to the soul was enjoyed before the New Testament dispensation; for "Abel obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts." Enoch, also, had this testimony, "that he pleased God," while, from day to day, he expe-

rienced the conscious enjoyment of walking with God. David said, "Take not thy Holy Spirit from me." Then, is it a strange thing that we speak of the clear witness of the Holy Spirit in our forgiveness and acceptance under the present abundant dispensation of the Spirit, which is far beyond that enjoyed in the days of the greatest prophets, even John the Baptist? It is a very mistaken view of humility, so to look at ourselves, and away from Christ, as to live in a state of uncertainty, when we may know whether or not we are walking acceptably before the Lord. Uncertainty in the mind is painful, according to the character of the subject which exercises its thoughts and feelings. If some trifling matter is before it, and we are not tantalized by an idle curiosity, we can easily dismiss the care of knowing. But every sincere inquirer after salvation knows that his eternal all hangs upon his right understanding of divine truth; and from the moment the Holy Spirit begins a communication with his heart, he ardently desires to have the light clear and sufficient. When he has repented of his sins, and made a full surrender of his whole being as a reasonable offering and service to God, he cannot rest until his forgiveness and acceptance are sealed to him by the blessed Spirit. The more he reads the Scriptures, the more he finds that this spirit of adoption is his rightful inheritance, in Christ; for it was for this that he was exalted "to be a Prince and a Saviour; to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins." And "he hath given us of his Spirit." It is not the will of God that we should rest without the definite assurance that we are accepted in the Beloved. This intercommunion of the Holy Spirit is that which forms our union with Christ, and makes us one with him, and him one with us — thus answering his last prayer for his people. It is a voluntary humility, and will-worship, which would

lead us to deny this holy union as our right in Christ; while we concede to him all the glory of the conquest of our evil hearts. Not only may we enjoy this light and comfort of the Holy Spirit in the earliest stage of first love, but it is our privilege to walk in a state of constant fellowship with the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ. This is the Scriptural evidence that we are the children of God, the Holy Spirit bearing witness with our spirits—that state of adoption wherein we cry, “Abba, Father.” Such holy consciousness of divine favor yields peace and joy to the soul, which, amid outward temptations, is enabled, through it, to hold fast the beginning of its confidence, and calmly await deliverance.

“OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN.”

ART thou our Father, wondrous Lord,
Whose 'twas to speak creation's word;
Who rul'st the universe on high,
And fillest all immensity;
Eternal, changeless, great I Am,
From everlasting still the same?

Art thou our Father? Wondrous love
That thou, who rul'st enthroned above,
Shouldst think on this our fallen race,
With care for each respective case,
And, by kind mercies and free grace,
Draw us to seek thy loving face!

Art thou our Father? Ay, indeed,
When we of thee have felt our need,
And by adoption, through Christ's blood,
Can cry, “Our Father and our God,”
And hope for rest in heaven, our home,
When life's rough paths no more we roam.

Art thou our Father? Ne'er shall we
Strangers in heaven's bright mansions be,
But, one in pure and perfect love,
Forever dwell with saints above;
While on those glory-lighted skies
Sorrow's dark cloud no more shall rise.

Art thou our Father? Even here
Thy children thou art ever near;
Our trust in thee may safely rest,
Who doeth all things for the best.
Our Father, God, thy name is love,
O, fit us for a home above.

CLIPPINGS FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

THE SLAIN AND SAVED.

Rev. T. L. Cuyler, of New York city, speaks of the very low state of vital religion, and the almost utter absence of converting power, and adds: “Perhaps it is not too much to say that during the last year more souls have gone into eternity, and fewer have gone into the church of Christ, than in any year our country has yet seen.”

THE POETRY OF WAR AND THE FACTS.

It can do us no good to shut our eyes to the reality that war at best is a terrible scourge. The contrast between the smooth phrases under which the exploits of battle are expressed, and the rough horrors which those phrases really signify, is well put in the following paragraphs:—

“Think only of the common hackneyed expressions which pass so lightly between the lips, when speaking of a great battle. We talk exultingly, and with a certain fire, of a ‘magnificent charge,’ or ‘a splendid charge;’ yet very few will think of the hideous particulars these two words stand for. The ‘splendid charge’ is a headlong rush of men on strong horses, urged to their fullest speed, riding down and overwhelming an opposing mass of men on foot. The reader's mind goes no further, being content with the information that the enemy's line was ‘broken’ and ‘gave way.’ It does not fill in the picture. To do so effectually, we must first think of an ordinary individual run down in the public street by a horseman moving at an easy pace. The result is usually fracture and violent contusion. We may strengthen the tones of the picture by setting this horseman at full gallop, and joining to him a company of flying horsemen. How will it be then

with the unhappy pedestrian? When the 'splendid charge' has done its work and passed by, there will be found a sight very much like the scene of a frightful railroad accident. There will be found the full complement of backs broken in two, or arms wholly drawn off, or men impaled upon their own bayonets, or legs smashed up like fire-wood, or heads sliced open like melons, or other heads crushed into soft jelly by iron hoofs of horses, or faces trampled out of all likeness to anything human. This is what skulks behind a 'splendid charge.' This is what follows, as a matter of course, when 'our fellows rode at them in style,' and 'cut them up famously.'

"Again, how often does the commander, writing home through official dispatches, dwell particularly on the gallant conduct of Captain Smith, who, finding that the enemy were 'annoying our right a little,' placed his gun into position, and 'held them in check.' Both expressions are in fair drawing-room phrases, to be mentioned cheerfully by ladies' lips. It is, as it were, a few flies buzzing about our 'right wing,' teasing and fretting 'our' men. And yet, properly translated, it means this: That stray men of the right wing are now and then leaping with a convulsive start into the air, as a Minie bullet flies with sharp sting through their hearts; that stray men, suddenly struck, are rolling on the ground; that a man here and there is dropping down with a shriek, his fire-lock tumbling from his hand, — in short, that there is a series of violent death-scenes being enacted up and down the long line." — *All the Year Round*.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

We have seen nothing from the scenes of war more touching and sad to the Christian heart, than a letter from a devoted woman in a hospital not far from the nation's capital. She is the only pious nurse in all that asylum of suffer-

ing — many of the others treating lightly the soul's salvation. She begs for prayer and comforts for the body of the wounded and the sick soldier. She writes: —

"The muffled drum and fife have just passed my window, and their comrades have carried to New York two beautiful young men, by whom I stood, and who in their dying hour clasped my hand and cried aloud for *mother*. One of them was delirious, and in his last moments uttered the most beautiful prayer I ever heard. I am witnessing scenes which at home would seem perfectly horrid; and why is it that I can stand, even in the stillness of the night, and close the dying eyes, look after the crazy man, and yet have no fears, and have entire control over myself? Is not the Lord in all this? Why is it that my patients are inquiring the way of eternal life? Has not God said, 'Ask and ye shall receive?' Will you ask the church to remember the dying soldier, as *he* offers prayers that are heart-rending?"

The following incidents connected with the battle at Fort Donelson are culled from various sources: —

THE FATHER AND SON.

I saw an old gray-haired man, mortally wounded, endeavoring to stop, with a strip of his coat, the life-tide flowing from the bosom of his son, a youth of twenty years.

The boy told the father it was useless; that he could not live; and, while the devoted parent was still striving feebly to save him who was, perhaps, his first-born, a shudder passed through the frame of the would-be preserver; his head fell upon the bosom of his youth, and his gray hairs were bathed in death with the expiring blood of his misguided son.

I saw the twain a half hour after, and youth and age were locked, lifeless, in one another's arms.

A MOTHER'S BIBLE AND LOCK OF HAIR.

A dark-haired young man, of apparently twenty-two or three, I found leaning against a tree, his breast pierced by a bayonet. He said he lived in Alabama; that he joined the rebel army in opposition to his parents' wishes; that his mother, when she found he would go into the army, had given him her blessing, a Bible, and a lock of her hair.

The Bible lay half opened upon the ground, and the hair, a dark lock tinged with gray, that had been between the leaves, was in his hand.

Tears were in his eyes, as he thought of the anxious mother, pausing, perhaps, amid her prayers, to listen to the long-expected footsteps of her son, who would never more return.

In the lock of hair, even more than in the sacred volume, religion was revealed to the dying young man; and I saw him lift the tress again and again to his lips, as his eyes looked dimly across the misty sea that bounds the shores of life and death, as if he saw his mother reaching out to him with the arms that had nursed him in his infancy, to die, alas! fighting against his country and her counsels, whose memory lived latest in his departing soul.

THE CATHOLIC SOLDIER.

A secession soldier, a member of the Tenth (Irish) Tennessee Regiment, I believe, was lying just inside of the fortifications. His glazing eyes gave assurance that life was embraced in minutes. He held a rosary and a crucifix in his hand, and his moving lips were doubtless offering a prayer. He had evidently endeavored to kneel, but was too weak to do so.

One of our soldiers saw and hurried to him, to assist him in his attitude of prayer; and while engaged in this kind office, a shot from the rebel cannon struck and killed them both.

PERFECT.

THE nicest point of all which relates to Christian perfection is that which you inquire of. Thus much is certain: they that love God with all their heart, and all men as themselves, are scripturally perfect. And surely such there are, otherwise the promises of God would be a mere mockery of human weakness. Hold fast this; but then remember, on the other hand, you have this treasure in an earthen vessel; you dwell in a poor, shattered house of clay, which presses down the immortal spirit. Hence, all our thoughts, words, and actions, are so imperfect, so far from coming up to the standard, — that law of love, which, but for the corruptibility of the body, your soul would answer in all instances, — that you may well say, till you go to Him you love, —

"Every moment, Lord, I need the merit of thy death."
WESLEY.

"MOTHER."

DOES the word soften your heart when you think of that feverish couch? Have you ever felt the touch of fingers that soothed you as hers did? Have you ever felt so smooth a pillow as the one she pressed gently from your burning head? Do you remember how she denied herself rest day after day, and night after night, her eyes bright with the feverish longing to give you ease and alleviate your suffering? Did that voice ever sound harsh to you then? and O! when your head laid on the bosom from which your own life had come, and you heard the quick throbs of her loving heart, and knew every one of those precious pulsations beat with love, and tenderness, and anxiety for you, did not your parched lips murmur, "Mother," with a strange, wild joy, while the cheek, seamed by the rough lines of care, was wet with tears?

"If I could only see my mother," was the yearning cry of the young sailor. Again and again was that cry repeated—"If I could only see my mother." The vessel rocked, and the waters, chased by a fresh wind, played a musical reveille against the side of the ship. The sailor, a second mate, quite youthful, lay in his narrow bed, his eye glazing, his limbs stiffening, his breath failing. It was not pleasant to die thus in this shaking, plunging ship; but he seemed not to mind his bodily discomfort,—his eye looked far away,—and ever and anon broke forth that grieving cry,—"If I could only see my mother!"

An old sailor sat by with a Bible in his hand, from which he had been reading. He bent above the young man, and asked him why he was so anxious to see the mother he had wilfully left.

"Oh! that's the reason," he cried, in anguish; "I nearly broke her heart, and I can't die in peace. She was a good mother to me,—oh, so good a mother! She bore everything from her wild boy; and once she said, 'My son, when you come to die, you will remember all this.' Oh, if I could only see my mother!"

He never saw his mother. He died with the yearning cry upon his lips, as many a man has died who slighted the mother who bore him. The waves roll over him, and his bones whiten at the bottom of the sea, and that dread cry has gone before God, there to be registered forever. — *Olive Branch.*

SPIRITUAL-mindedness, in the abstract, is no doubt free from all tinge of humanity; but when we view it among men it always partakes of the color of the vessel in which it is placed. And it acts variously, as the office it has to perform varies. Thus a silent and morose mind is made kindly and affable; a trifler, grave and serious. But, in both cases, the leading principle is love to Christ.

THE DAILY LIFE.

EVERY figure used to describe a Christian is essentially aggressive. It teaches us that no man is a Christian in order to enjoy a monopoly of blessing for himself. Being made a Christian, his very first function is to go forth and Christianize others. Some talk of proselytism as a sin, and denounce it even as a crime. Proselytism to a sect is most obnoxious; proselytism to the truths of the gospel is the duty of every man that knows them. Some persons play upon words, and do not distinguish things that differ. They make you suppose, by their remarks, that your first and primary duty, to bless others by having been blessed yourself, is a sin, a crime, a scandal. Every figure used to describe a Christian indicates his duty to Christianize. "Ye are the salt of the earth." What is the nature of salt? To give savor to the substance with which it is mixed or in contact, and to preserve that substance, if needs be, from corruption. An idea involved in salt is something transmissive of virtue; and if you, therefore, are the salt of the world, your part of the world will be touched by the savor of what you are, and so be benefited and blessed. Ye are the "light of the world." A lamp is lighted for diffusing light; and if it do not diffuse light, it is because it is not light. A man who is not a missionary is not a Christian; he that does not seek to promote what he has, feels in his conscience he has nothing worth promoting.

But in looking at the world let us not dissipate, by any excessive generalization, if I may use such an expression, our own daily duties. Your world is your shop, your warehouse, your counting-room; whatever place God, in his providence, has placed you in, that is to you, for all practical purposes, your world. We are not answerable for the sphere we are in; we are only responsible for letting our

light shine in it. If God has made you rich, powerful, illustrious, great, that is his sovereign act; over that you have no control. Your personal duty is to do well the work that is assigned you, in the sphere in which God, in his providence, has placed you; never to dream that what you want in order to do better is to get a larger sphere. Many people make excuses to themselves for not doing better in the little sphere in which they are, by saying, "Ah! if I were only in such a sphere, you would see how I would shine." Now, if you do not shine in a cellar, depend upon it you would not shine in a palace; if you do not shine in the shop, depend upon it you would not shine if you had the command of a fleet. Your duty as light is to irradiate the sphere you are in; and when you have done that well, God, who placed you there, and sees you are able to fill a higher, will say, "Come up higher."

Christianity is not a religion confined to consecrated tiles, and holy places, and holy days; but a religion that treads with as beautiful a foot life's lowliest floor, as it walks in grand procession in the noblest cathedral of Europe. Our religion is not a beautiful robe that we must lay carefully aside upon Sunday night, lest it should be rumpled by the rough wear and tear of the week-day; it is a religion that we are to carry with all the splendor of its first kindling into life's highest, and life's lowest, and life's universal places, knowing it is fit to sanctify all, and make us shine as the lights of the world in all. And if you cannot be, where God has placed you, sunlight, you may always be light. We do not expect that there will be all the splendor of a martyr's testimony behind the counter, but we do expect that there will always be the quiet every-day life of a Christian's character there and everywhere. And you know quite well, writing for many who are in trade and in business, that every day proposals are made, offers

come before you, plans are mooted, schemes are suggested, which constantly bring into demand or play your Christian character; you must either, when these proposals are made, put your Christianity away, and deal with them as tradesmen, or you must take your Christianity with you, and let it control, direct, give tone and force to everything you are, and everything you do. Therefore, the conclusion we come to is this,—that the man who is a Christian is not to cease to be a tradesman, a physician, a lawyer, a senator, a judge; but to be a Christian tradesman, a Christian lawyer, a Christian senator, a Christian judge. The monk and the suicide belong to the same category; for the one runs from society to escape its perils, and the other runs from society in order to escape its burdens; both fly from duty, the one to escape danger, the other suffering, and yet neither succeeds. We ought to be in the world, not of it. The ladies who go into a convent, if they be lights, thereby go and put their lights under a bushel; whereas, if true lights, instead of putting them under a bushel, they ought to let them shine, that the whole house may be better for it. When it is urged that men should go into monasteries, and women into convents, because they are so holy, so pure, that they would be contaminated by the world, they should recollect that if they be so holy and so pure, of all people upon earth the world has the greatest need of them. If all the good that is in the world were to leave it, the world would go to corruption and ruin. Just because, as they say, they are so holy, so good, and so pure; therefore, instead of deserting as cowards the banners of the force they belong to, they ought, as good soldiers of Christ, to remain in the world, conquering the world for Christ, and for his glory, and for his people.

Every man, whatever his character, a Christian or not, a light that burns or a

lamp that has been quenched, has everywhere and always a continuous influence upon all that are around him. Some think that by not professing to be Christians they escape the responsibility of their duties towards those that are around them; but this is impossible; for what man is, exercises as powerful an influence as anything man does or professes. There is, in the human body, voluntary action and involuntary action. When I move my hand, or my tongue, or my legs, that is voluntary; I can stop, or I can go on; but my heart and my lungs go on in spite of me; they are involuntary movements. So in the human character there are two influences: there is the voluntary influence, as when I go out and speak to a person in order to convince him, or appeal to a person in order to make him better. I am then exercising a designed and a voluntary influence upon that individual. But there is an involuntary influence in my character, my conduct, my temper, when I think no man sees me, though many may be seeing me; all these without my volition, and in spite of my volition, are shaping the character, and giving tone and temper, and it may be everlasting colors, to the souls of mankind. In other words, it is impossible to be in the world, and not in some shape to influence the world. What we say may not proceed from real conviction; but what we are is always before the world, the symbol or sign of what grace has made us, or what sin has left us. No child walks along a street without learning lessons. Every sign-board teaches, every random exclamation teaches, every fugitive look on the human countenance teaches. The fact is, we are constantly under teaching to the latest moment of our lives; and what we come into contact with is moulding and shaping our character, it may be forever. It is very difficult to persuade men that it is so, because they have the idea that there is only power where there is noise, bustle, ex-

citement. But it is really not so. All the forces in nature that are the most powerful are the most quiet. We speak of the rolling thunder as powerful; but gravitation, which makes no noise, has no speech, utters not a syllable, yet keeps orbs in their orbits, and the whole system in its harmony, binding every atom in one orb to the great central source of all attraction, is ten thousand times ten thousand more powerful. We say the red lightning is very powerful; so it is, when it rends the gnarled oak into splinters, or splits the solid battlements into fragments; but it is not half so powerful as that gentle light which comes so softly from the skies that we do not feel it; that travels at an inconceivable speed; strikes and yet is not felt, but exercises an influence so powerful that the sea is kept back by it, that the earth is clothed with verdure through its influence, and all nature beautified and blessed by its ceaseless action. The things that are most noisy are not the most powerful; things that make no noise, and make no pretension, may be really the most powerful. An eloquent speech will never have the effect of an eloquent life. The most conclusive logic that a preacher uses in the pulpit will never exercise the effect that the piety, the consistent piety of character, will exercise over all the world. And in many congregations, the preacher who may have few to hear him, and where, if we heard him, we should say that he has not the power of expressing clearly and intelligibly the great thoughts that he feels, may be comparatively dumb and ineffective in the pulpit, but in his walks amid his flock his beautiful and holy character may be spreading an influence around him, that will tell more upon the destinies of souls than if he had wielded all the thunders of Demosthenes, or pleaded with the persuasive eloquence that flowed from the lips of Cicero.

It is not what we intend to do that strikes the most; it is what we are. Our

blessed Lord spake, it is true, as never man spake; but it was rather the dignity, and yet the lowliness; the grandeur, and yet the humility; the holiness of heaven, and yet all the sympathies of earth, radiant from that spotless character, which left its deepest and most permanent impression upon mankind. Jesus made converts as much by what he was, as by what he said. You may be serving in a shop, behind a counter; you do not think you can be doing any moral good there; you are quite mistaken. The quietness with which you serve, the gentleness with which you reply, the simple, unpretending, and therefore appropriate remark that you make, all are telling. There is not a face that does not almost repeat itself. In the modern discovery of the daguerreotype, rays coming from an object paint that object on the sensitive surface which they touch. It seems as if character radiated from the human countenance painted itself on the characters of those it touches. What a man thinks, the very look of the countenance, the very thought that flashes through the eye, the very feeling that plays upon the lip, all are influencing others. There is not a mistress whose looks are not telling on a servant; there is not a master whose silent looks are not making somebody beneath him worse or better for it. It is impossible to go through the world without exercising influence; it is only possible to have that influence dipped in the fountain of light and life, and to have it so baptized and consecrated by a heavenly baptism, that wherever you are, you shall walk through the world an ambassador from God, a benefactor of all mankind. And what a solemn lesson is here for all teachers in schools, and parents acting in the presence of their children! The most susceptible creatures upon earth are children; and I do not believe that we give them credit for the intensity of their sensitive and susceptible nature. A child looks in your face and distinguishes

your meaning long before you have given utterance to it. A child watches your countenance, and picks out your temper, your taste, your sympathy, long before you have audibly expressed it. And very many parents look things and say things; and when they think the child has detected what they did not mean the child to know, often in a very bungling way, as indeed all attempts at deception must be, they try to do away with the mischief they have done by suddenly turning a corner in the conversation, and launching on another subject. Do you think that the child did not see that? He saw as clearly as you; and that act of yours has left upon that child a conviction of crookedness that may live in his memory, and fill up his character throughout the rest of his pilgrimage upon earth. To children we cannot be too direct, too straightforward; we cannot be too childlike in our intercourse with them, yet we must not be childish. Daily life is more powerful than Sunday life. The face, as a dial, cannot too purely, too truly reflect the innermost thoughts and imaginations of the heart. Be Christians, and your voluntary and involuntary influence will be Christian also. Be salt, and the savor will necessarily be good; be lights, and the influence that radiates from you will necessarily be light. What we want to be is not to look Christians, or to pretend Christians, or to profess Christians, but to be Christians. You need not then so carefully guard yourself; you need not be on the ceaseless watch what you do. Take an anagram; read it from the right or from the left, or from the top or from the bottom,—it reads the same thing. Take a Christian; look at him at one angle, or look at another angle, look at him in any light or in any direction, and he is a Christian still. The great secret of getting rid of a vast amount of trouble and inconvenience, is being a Christian; and when you are a Christian, your eye will be single, your body will be full of

light, and all influences, sanctified and blessed by the Holy Spirit of God, will be sanctifying, and will bless all that are connected with you.

How responsible a thing is daily life!

THE KINDNESS OF GOD OUR SAVIOUR.

THE sweet singer of Israel often makes mention of God's *kindness*, and sometimes speaks of "his *loving* kindness;" again, of "his *marvellous* kindness;" and yet again of "his *marvellous loving* kindness," and exclaims, "How *excellent* is thy loving kindness!" The soul that has by a living faith received Christ as his Saviour, his *Friend*, his *all*, and who abides in his love, experiences day by day this loving kindness, and understands full well that to a finite mind it is a fathomless depth.

Among men, favors are sometimes bestowed in such a manner that the receiver is pained by perceiving that they are prompted by other motives than true kindness or benevolence; but not so with our God. His kindness is not constrained, not an outside show manifested for effect, but is always *LOVING KINDNESS*, and truly *marvellous*. The Psalmist says, "I have not *concealed* thy loving kindness;" so every one who has learned that "his favor is life, and his loving kindness is *better* than life," should not, *will* not conceal it, but declare it in the congregation of his people, and seek earnestly to lead all to accept the free gift of his grace.

O, why should any wander blindly on, searching in vain to find satisfaction among the husks of earth, and reject such loving kindness; and why should not they especially who hope in his pardoning mercy, also enter into *his* rest, put their trust under the shadow of his wings, and continually prove how *excellent* is his loving kindness to the children of men.

THE CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING.

EARTH never knew a happier creature than I was in childhood. My heart sang praises with the warbling birds, and longed with the flowers for some deep-meaning language with which to breathe forth to others the unutterable fulness of its joy; and when I listened to the voice that said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," my cup seemed running over with blessing.

When the spring-time of my life warmed into summer, I blushed to know that I was loved, and I returned that love with all the warm devotion of which the human heart is capable. The object of my affections occupied a place in my heart which ought to have been sacred to Jesus alone. He was pleasing in his looks and manners, a professional man, with a Christian character, — not very strongly marked, — but which would allow him, if we may so speak, to enjoy worldly pleasures and religion besides.

I was early laid upon the altar by Christian parents, baptized with their tears, and consecrated by their prayers; but perhaps was no more devoted than he.

The question with me now every time was not so much "Will this please God?" as "Will this please him?" I labored incessantly to render myself more agreeable to him. I read the books which entertained him; I sang the songs he loved to hear; I wore the colors which pleased his eye; I prayed at the hour of evening, when the sun was going down, because he promised to meet me then at the mercy-seat; I prayed for him; I thought of him kneeling far away and looking up to the same Author of blessing, until I was lost in reverie, and saw only him when I should have seen only God. My heart was divided, and as I yielded more and more to worldly influences, I realized painfully that I was losing the blessings of

Christ. I knew so well what the privilege of the believer is; I saw so plainly the narrow path; and often the question was asked to my soul, "Will you walk there?" Then I trembled; but I did not dare to answer. "This will never do," said the Spirit. "You cannot serve God and Mammon. You cannot love Jesus and the world; one must be given up. *Now is the hour of sacrifice!*" How God's truth burned in my soul! The awful interest of that hour was as if the soul's eternal destiny depended upon this decision.

Could I give up the pleasures of the world? He said there was no harm in a dance by one's fireside, and a pleasant game for pastime. Could I give up its wealth and pomp? He sought them, and reached forth eager hands to grasp its honors. Could I lay aside my costly apparel and useless adorning — *his gifts* — too? Oh, he loved to see me richly dressed, and beautiful with ornaments. He could not love me if I were a plain, unassuming girl, whose only business on earth it should be to cry "*Behold the Lamb!*"

Could I give *him* up too, — the cherished idol of my heart? Give up those bright hopes for future years, which were almost as dear to me as heaven? Not that I meant to break any vows. No; but then I felt if I were to give up all for Jesus, he would not want me; for "what communion hath light with darkness?" On the other hand I saw no room for half-heartedness; no room for compromise with the world. *Jesus must have all.* Was he not worthy? Eternal life! was it not worth the loss of all things else? But how could I make the sacrifice?

Three days more, and I expected to see him. I would talk with him and tell him how I felt. Perhaps he would go with me. It would be easy to leave all and follow Jesus if he went with me. Riches, honor, and the loss of every friend beside, would be nothing, if he were spared to me.

So I waived the matter, daring not to give up every hope of heaven, clinging still to the dearest hope of earth.

I did not know that it would be dark so soon if I did not walk in the light. I did not think my feelings would change before three days should pass, so that I would feel but little interest comparatively in that most momentous question; but when I sat and smiled and chatted, or looked upon him in happy silence, I had very little disposition to ask him what were his views of holiness, and beg of him to lead with me a life of entire devotion to God. Neither did I tell him how my mind had been wrought upon. He took me home with him, that I might become acquainted with his parents and sisters, and see the spot which we hoped to call "home," some day.

A few days passed pleasantly with friends and in visiting places of interest in the city. Oh, how I felt the need of the blood of Christ to keep me!

The Sabbath came, — one of those warm, sunny days of summer, when hardly a breath of wind moves over the dusty grass, and the sunshine burns the leaves and scorches the earth. A cool breath came once in a while through the open windows from the dense shade of trees, and on the whole, that little parlor seemed pleasanter than the house of God; so we did not go to church. And when we wearied of sitting there, we took our way to the river and sat upon the bank beneath the shade trees, where we could see the water moving swiftly and almost silently, and the hills and beautiful scenery which lay in the distance, —

"And watched the white clouds come and go,
And birds upon the azure seas."

On that holy day, when we are not to think our own thoughts, or speak our own words, we talked of the past and present, and planned for the future. We went to the beautiful rise of ground where our home was to be; and he showed me how

he calculated to lay out the walks and gardens.

What thoughts came with that Sabbath evening! Thoughts of the blood that cleanseth. Thoughts of salvation's full cup which a few days before I had almost taken to my lips; and when he questioned why I wept, I told him it was because I was no better Christian, — if indeed I was one at all. Then he spoke words of assurance, and read from a book words which were calculated to strengthen one's confidence. I knew the promises were *only* to the faithful, — to those who deny themselves for Jesus' sake, and therefore *not to me*; but I dried my tears because he wished me to.

Busy needles were plied amid the merry song of sisters, and the time came when the last quilt was finished and folded, and the bridal garments in readiness. Can I ever forget my father's look, as he playfully lifted the band-box cover, then turned away, grieved to see that his daughter was being wholly swallowed up in the vanities of the world?

Another day, and yet another, and I should be a happy bride. How like a pleasant dream our life shall pass, I thought, unruffled by windy storm or tempest, flowing sweetly onward in the bright sunshine of love! But God's "thoughts are not our thoughts, nor are his ways our ways," and what time I thought to be the happiest of all my life, I was kneeling in the dark closet, with my head upon my trunk, crying, "*Oh, my God! Oh, my God!*" I stepped into deep waters, and *found no bottom*. When the angel of sleep kissed my sisters, I wet my pillow with hot tears, and longed for the morning; and if perchance I slept an hour, when I woke the sense of loss came home upon me so as if it would crush me. *Was some one dead?* or, what is the matter?

How the warm sunshine of those autumn days mocked me! and when the late rains beat down into the cheerless

earth, how I wanted to lie in its dampness and *be at rest!* Yet I did not really feel prepared to die.

Would that I had given up my idols for Jesus' sake, then I should have lived in his embrace, above the tempest.

I made a great grave, and threw in every hope, — *the last one*, — every anticipated joy, every fond remembrance, and covered it over, and then commenced to live again, for God and suffering humanity. I gave myself to God, — body, soul, and spirit, and all my soul's and body's powers; and thus seeking the kingdom of God and his righteousness was verified to me the promise, "All other things shall be added unto you."

One who is every way most worthy calls me "his own," and we are *one in Jesus*. A little laughing boy throws out his hands to me, and says "Mamma!" and we have given him to the Lord. We are all the Lord's, and are happy in this consciousness.

"O, Jesus, it is all of thee, —
The joy that springs from being loved;
The faith that lives in one embrace,
And looks forever on thy face."

Gentle reader, seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and leave the rest with him. *All will be well*. Can you not trust him who numbers the hairs of your head? God calls you to a life of holiness and purity. Oh, be not wedded to the world! It will weave and weave its slender threads about you till it drags you down to the gates of death.

But is there not power in prayer? and may I not lead the one I love to Christ? You may; but why need you wait? God hears prayer *now*, and by your influence, example, and prayers, he may be won to Jesus *now*, if ever. Then shall your cup of joy be full, and you shall help each other on the way, "for those that are one in the faith fight double-handed against evil."

God helps those who help themselves.

JESUS MY GUIDE.

Down to the vale where the sweet ferns sleep,
And scented pines their lonely watch keep,
Softly and slowly dark shadows creep
In the twilight's hallowed hour.
Press toward the hill-top; the sunset light
Loitereth yet on the craggy height;
Only the valley, entranced by night,
Yields to his magic power.

Eagerly climb we the hill's steep side,
Crushing the moss where the gray rocks hide;
While the setting sun, with loving pride,
Bathes earth's fair scenes in glory.
Onward, still on, o'er the roughening way
(A brother's hand for my "staff and stay"),
Rest we, at last, where the lingering day
Crowneth the summit hoary.

With deepest peace was that hour fraught,
As those clasped hands to memory brought
A lesson sweet, by the Scriptures taught,
Of Christ, our "Elder Brother."
I felt the pressure of his dear hand;
And, while by my side he seemed to stand,
An echo came from the angel-band, —
"This Guide is like none other.

"His feet have trodden life's road alone,
Though mortals call it a 'path unknown';
His right hand ever upholds his own;
Each one in love he guideth.
He is their Keeper, their Strength, their Stay;
His name is Truth, himself the Way;
He watcheth his fold by night and day;
Each 'neath his shadow hideth."

My glad soul joined in the sweet refrain
(Praise, praise to the Lamb who once was slain),
And the prayer upborne on that blessed strain
Was answered then from heaven, —
"Fear not; my promise of grace divine
Through all life's changes shall still be thine;
And, saved by Christ's love, thou shalt be mine
When crowns of light are given."

JESUS MY HOPE.

JESUS, thou my hope of heaven,
Thou on whom my faith relies,
For my sins thy blood was given, —
What a costly sacrifice!
Oh! thou art my choicest treasure,
Thou my only hope and guide,
Let it be my greatest pleasure
Ever in thee to abide.

Thou wilt bring me home to glory,
There to join in heavenly lays,
And with angels bow before thee
In their songs of love and praise.

If 'tis blissful here to praise thee,
And to know thou lovest me,
When to glory thou shalt raise me,
What will then the rapture be?

Go and ask the saints in heaven,
Who are sweeping harps of gold,
And the answer will be given:
What thou ask'st can ne'er be told;
Thou must wait, like those before thee,
And enjoy thy present bliss,
Till thou art, with them, in glory,
Ere thou know'st what heaven is.

DUNKIRK, N. Y.

THE FAITHFULNESS OF GOD.

THE Apostle Paul in speaking to the Corinthian church gives them this encouraging assurance: "God is faithful, by whom ye were called unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord." The faithfulness of God to his Son, to the church, and to individuals, is a subject worthy of special consideration. In each of these departments God has proved himself perfectly faithful and trustworthy, and will forever continue so.

In contemplating this subject, we can see that nothing is wanted to bring the whole church, at once, into the enjoyment of full salvation but trust in the faithfulness of God to carry into effect the power of the gospel on their hearts. Christ has promised to save to the uttermost, but they don't believe it. John says, "If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness;" but they don't believe this. If they cannot believe God he cannot save them, for it is his rule to save only on condition of our faith. The same apostle prays, in another place, "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly, soul, body and spirit," and then adds, "God, who hath called you, is faithful, who also will do it." Here is a special promise of the faithfulness of God, applied to the entire sanctification of those whom God hath called.

O that all the church had as much confidence in the faithfulness of God as had the apostle! — we should not now hear so much about sinful believers and unsanctified Christians; we should not have Christians and unbelievers put in the same category in prayer, and have all that Christ had done for them ignored. Strange as it may seem to most Christians, this lack of confidence in the faithfulness of God to fulfil his promises is the very thing that keeps them back from the full participation of perfect love and perfect peace; and why it is so hard to make them see it is a mystery. If the discovery of this fact was of no consequence to them, we might account for it on the principle of indifference; but, as an experimental knowledge of it is, to them, of the first importance in order to their present peace and eternal well-being, it would seem they would believe almost without evidence; but such is not the fact.

Much is said in the Bible, and in theological writings, about the power of faith. Might not, with equal truth, the same be said of the power of unbelief? It closes the eye and stops the ear so that the beauties of holiness are concealed, and the individual, under its influence, refuses to listen to the voice of the charmer, charming never so wisely. O that God, by his Spirit, would remove the cloud, that the truth as it is in Jesus might be both seen and embraced.

UTILITY OF REVERSES.—Long afflictions will much set off the glories of heaven. The longer the storm, the sweeter the calm; the longer the winter nights, the sweeter the summer days. The new wine of Christ's kingdom is most sweet to those who have long been drinking gall and vinegar. The higher the mountain, the gladder we shall be when we get to the top of it. The longer our journey is, the sweeter will be our end; and the longer our passage is, the more desirable will the haven be.

SANCTIFICATION BY FAITH.

NO. II.

IN the last number we examined what sanctification is: "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith," or fidelity, "meekness, temperance;" in other words, the development of the seed sown in regeneration; and we are now to consider how it is that we are sanctified by faith.

But, before so doing, there is a point of great importance, on which it will be well to touch.

The seed sown in regeneration is the direct result of divine power. It is called "a new creature," that is, a new creation; and, like every other work of God, is absolutely perfect. Therefore, John says of this new creation, — or "new man," as Paul calls it, or "hidden man of the heart," as Peter calls it, — that "whosoever is born of God sinneth not, for his seed remaineth in him, and he cannot sin, because he is born of God." "Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world." "We know that whosoever is born of God sinneth not." The light which is let into the soul in its new birth is capable of enlargement from a spark into a flame, but not of being made more perfect. The new man has all his parts and organs, and needs nothing but growth. Instead of the improvement of that which man has naturally, there is the creation of that within him which God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, can pronounce very good.

But there does still remain in those who are regenerate, who have this perfect seed of the Divine life within them, that old and fleshly nature which they derived from Adam. It not only remains, but is not in any way improved. "The carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither, indeed, can be." When it comes into

contact with the mind of the Spirit, the new creation within, the necessary result is conflict. The two cannot mix. They keep each other in check. But neither can nature spoil grace, nor grace mend nature.

Sanctification is the growth of the new man in spite of the opposition of the old. It is, therefore, cradled in conflict, and does not cease fighting, till, with our mortal body, the body of sin, also, our corrupt nature, is dropped. And herein lies the mystery of the life of faith, which very young Christians sometimes find it so difficult to understand, how it is possible for a believer to say, as Paul says, in the same breath, "I am carnal, sold under sin," and "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord." Both were true at the same moment. Paul looked at his sinful self, the mind of the flesh which he had derived from Adam, and said, "I am carnal, sold under sin." He looked at himself as a new creature in Christ Jesus, and was able to say, "I myself with the mind serve the law of God." "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

But we must not forget that this new life imparted to the believer is not so imparted as to be possessed separately from Christ. It really exists in the believer's heart; it is not like his righteousness of justification, reckoned to be his without his having any actual participation in it, except in the eye of God; but is a real thing in his own soul. Yet it is not there like a candle burning independently; but, like a sunbeam, dependent from moment to moment on the sun. We derive our holiness from Christ, and its growth depends upon communion with him. And this leads us at once into the point we have now to examine,—how faith is connected with our sanctification.

"We have access," Paul says, "by faith into this grace wherein we now stand." He could hardly have said a thing more alien to all men's natural thoughts, and more absolutely incompre-

hensible to many. For how do most men think about this matter? They fully admit the necessity of holiness, however much they may dislike it; but they look upon it as a state to be reached by mere effort. Anybody striving earnestly they count sure of attaining to it. And if, instead of disliking it, they are really desirous of being made holy themselves, and seeing others made holy, they say, "Strive, strive, strive—run, run, run—fight, fight, fight,—labor, labor, labor;" and, when they have so done, think they have done something, when they have not spoken a word which can teach the man how to strive lawfully—how so to run as to receive the prize—how to fight, not as one that beateth the air—how to labor, not as a starved and dying man, who cannot lift his hand to his head, but as a strong and well-fed husbandman, who eats the fruit of the ground before working on it. "Access" there must be to holiness; it is not a matter of course to be able to serve God. Even in earthly matters it is not uncommon to see the most strenuous energy thrown away, because not directed aright. What can be more laudable than a man doing his best to serve his country in case of invasion from a foreign foe? But how diligently has it been instilled into the minds of our young men, that if they wish to do so in the hour of danger, they must get admitted into a volunteer corps, and go through a regular training, or they will be worse than useless, able to do nothing but run away, or, perhaps, be hung by military law for fighting without being soldiers. The man out of uniform and the man in uniform may be equally strong, equally brave, equally resolute; but the one will be treated as a felon and do no good, the other may, with honor to himself, serve his country; the only difference between them being that the one has access into the ranks—has gone through the right gate. Even so there is no true fighting against sin, unless the man goes about it

in the right way. No mere effort, no amount of earnestness, will make the man holy who has not access into this grace.

This access is through Christ. Christ is the door to every blessing, the way into the church, the way to the Father, the way into heaven, and also the way into holiness. This is the reason why He is called our sanctification, because it is only through him that we can attain to holiness. Never must we think that, when justified by Christ's blood, we have received from Christ, in that gift, all he has to bestow. We have access through him, also, into that which is the longing desire of each believer's heart—inward grace. Indeed, passing through one door involves passing through the other. If Christ justifies us by his righteousness, he is sure, also, to sanctify us by his Spirit. It is he who is the door to both blessings, and when he gives access or entrance into the one, he does, also, into the other. There is no other way to holiness, except through Christ. So entirely hopeless is the attempt of those who think of coming to Christ through holiness. It is through Christ we come to holiness; partly because he has obtained the Spirit for us; partly because it is only to those who are not under the law, but under grace, that victory over sin is promised; partly because the main means of becoming like Christ are, beholding Christ's glory, and communion with Christ himself. And, therefore, so long as there is no relation established between Christ and the soul, so long as the soul is not united to Christ, has not found Christ to be indeed the way, it has not even entered upon the path of holiness, has not taken one step upon it, or begun to stand in grace.

No man can tell how important it is to make this point clear. Everything depends upon it, for it is possible even for God's children to waste their efforts after holiness by forgetting the dependence of the whole thing upon Christ. Many

make laborious attempts of promoting holiness in themselves or in others, which have no such result. It is not the temptation of the day to lacerate the body, or mortify it by absurd severities; but there are other ways in which persons try to do the same thing—they use lawful means, without respect to him through whom alone those means can prove effectual. They pray, without first obtaining access by Christ to the throne of grace. They read their Bibles without seeing in them "him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write." They make vows of amendment, instead of drawing strength from Christ himself. Is it any wonder that such fight uncertainly,—run, but get no nearer to the goal,—labor like those who put sand into a bag with holes? We must by Christ have access into holiness; and those who pass him by, and try to reach the same end by some other way, will find themselves disappointed at the last. And how does this endear the Saviour to his people, that by him they can obtain that which they so much desire! What longings does this stir up in many a heart after resemblance to him! How precious is the thought of holiness to him who has caught a glimpse of what it is, and hopes to reflect it! And to this, as well as to the blessings of pardon and justification, Christ is the way. It is by him we have access to it. Out of him, severed from him, as he himself says, we can do nothing. But in him, with him, by him, we can do all things.

FAITH and love are like a pair of compasses: faith, like one point, fastens on Christ as the centre; and love, like the other, goes the round in all the works of holiness and righteousness.

LOWLINESS is a sign of blessedness. He whom the Lord most weighs down with spiritual blessings, stoops the most meekly under the weight.

REVIVAL IN WALES.

CARDIFF, South Wales, }
March 18, 1862. }

WE are now in the fifth week of labor, or thirty days since we commenced our services in Charles-Street Chapel, and the Lord has very graciously poured out his Spirit upon the people, quickening his own children, and causing them to feel that they have something to do in bringing this redeemed, revolted world back to its Redeemer. Zion has strength, if she would only put it on, so as to become terrible as an army with banners. To the degree we can get the church membership to arm themselves with the might of the Spirit, to that degree are her conquests. The secretary has recorded the names of between seven and eight hundred who have professed to find peace with God during these services. The past week we have been laboring in the London Square Chapel, or, as it is called, "The Dock Chapel." Many captains and mariners attended the services. One evening there were six American captains, all *true* Northern men, and you cannot conceive what a home-feeling it gave us as we were privileged to shake hands with them. One of them, Captain Percy, has taken a package of books, the little volume, "Sweet Mary," and "The Richmond Hall Hymn-book." Yesterday, at the noon-day prayer meeting, when I was about asking for verbal requests, or for thanksgiving, after having read quite a number of written requests for special cases, a gentleman stepped up to the desk and asked permission to speak, which was readily granted. He said he had a vow to perform, and then tears flowed freely for some moments so as to choke utterance. He then stated he had been a professor of religion for fifteen years; but if what he experienced last night in his cabin was religion, he had never known anything of it before.

He had left the meeting the night previous very much hardened, and condemned for not accepting the invitation to come to the altar and seek the Lord; but he promised the Lord he would come the next evening and confess him. He said the Lord met him more than half-way, and at one o'clock made him a new creature in Christ Jesus. He is the master of a vessel now in port, and he had brought four of his men to the noon-day meeting. As soon as the invitation was given, he brought four able-bodied seamen forward, who all found peace. The captain, in the evening meeting, said that he did not suppose he had slept fifteen minutes in the last twenty-four hours; for, since one o'clock, he had been too happy to sleep. Between thirty and forty are finding the Saviour each day. To God alone be all the glory! The Rev. Mr. V. has just called and said, that last evening, at the leader's meeting, he found that nearly all the persons had been housed, either with the Wesleyans or some other Evangelical body, and only three who did not give good evidence of a change of heart.

Both at Charles-Street and the Dock Chapel, the leading members came forward seeking holiness or the full baptism of the Holy Spirit; and whenever this is the case, the Lord gives great victories to his people.

THE GREAT EXAMPLE. — The purity and holiness of the life of Christ is a glorious pattern for the Christian's imitation. As he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation.

There is a two-fold holiness in Christ, — the holiness of his nature, and the holiness of his practice; his holy being and his holy working. This obligeth all that profess interest in him to a two-fold holiness, — holiness of heart, and holiness of life.

THE PRODIGAL.

I.

WHY feedest thou on husks so coarse and rude?
I could not be content with angels' food.

II.

How camest thou companion to the swine?
I loathe the courts of heaven, the choir divine.

III.

Who bade thee crouch in hovel dark and drear?
I left a palace wide to sojourn here.

IV.

Harsh tyrant's slave who made thee, once so free?
A father's rule too heavy seemed to me.

V.

What sordid rags hang round thee on the breeze?
I laid immortal robes aside for these.

VI.

An exile through the world who bade thee roam?
None; but I wearied of a happy home.

VII.

Why must thou dweller in a desert be?
A garden seemed not fair enough to me.

VIII.

Why sue a beggar at the mean world's door?
To live on God's large bounty seemed so poor.

IX.

What has thy forehead so to earthward brought?
To lift it higher than the stars I thought.

WATCH AND PRAY.

WHEN does Satan get the advantage over me, and lead my heart away from God? When I neglect secret prayer. When do worldly thoughts and desires rule in my mind, and thus crowd out thoughts of God, and holiness, and heaven? When does temptation assail, and overcome, and darkness cover the mind, and despair fill the heart? When is family worship a mere formal ceremony? When am I impatient under opposition? When do I neglect duty and conform to the world around? When I lack a prayerful frame of mind — when I cease to watch and be sober. When is the Bible to me a sealed book? When I read it without prayer.

When is the word of God precious and sweet to my soul? When I read it praying. "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." When does light, and joy, and peace attend me? When do the heavens smile to me with gladness, and all the promises of God become to me yea and amen? When do I subdue self and gain an easy victory over besetting sins? When is my conversation free from guile, and my hopes and evidences bright, my head clear and my heart joyful and free? When can I diffuse a good and healthful influence around? When am I patient and compassionate towards those that oppose the truth, and when does success crown my efforts? When does my faith reach forward to the resurrection of the just with assurance of hope? When I watch and pray.

"Prayer is the incense of the soul,
The odor of the flower,
And rises as the waters roll
To God's controlling power!"

Prayer is the spirit speaking truth
To Thee, whose love divine
Steals gently down like dew to soothe,
Or like the sunbeams shine."

Be serious. Let your motto be, *Holiness to the Lord*. Avoid all lightness, jesting, and foolish talking.

THE BIBLE.—Out of it have come all pure moralities. Forth from it have sprung all sweet charities. It has been the motive-power of regeneration and reformation to millions of men. It has comforted the humble, consoled the mourning, sustained the suffering, and given trust and triumph to the dying. The wise old man has fallen asleep with it folded to his breast. The simple cottager has used it for his dying pillow; and even the innocent child has breathed his last happy sigh with his fingers between its promise-freighted leaves. — *Timothy Titcomb*.